

The Bloomfield Record.

A Returned Street Boy's Speech.

The newsmen at the well known "lodge" in New Chambers street, were much impressed by the appearance there on the usual Sunday evening meeting, of a well-dressed young gentleman, who was introduced as a former street boy from the Fourth Ward sent to the West by the Children's Aid Society.

After some preliminary remarks by the young gentleman, of a general moral nature, which were not appreciated, he said: "Boys I was just like you ones. My father was a longshoreman, and he lived down in a cellar in Roosevelt street, and I have been there, but I cannot find my people or the house. I used to load about the streets, and stole lead from the roofs, and took it to the pawn broker's, and with the money I got a ten cent ticket to the 'Old Bowery.' It isn't where the Bowery Theatre is now, for that was about eighteen years ago. I made my meals off from the ears of corn the people threw away, when they bought them from an old colored woman who kept a stand in front of the theatre. Sometimes I stole things from the stands. When it came night I would turn in in a box, and one winter night I was snugged up in a box and nearly froze. [Here much hilarity among the boys, as if at a familiar experience.] The fact was I was growing up a thief and a vagabond, and my parents weren't of much good to me. When my father came home at midnight, drunk, he used to beat me black and blue with the end of his strap, (was a longshoreman,) and strike my mother till she fainted at the mouth."

[At this narrative of domestic experiences there was a kind of sinking of eyes and heads among the boys as though they know only too much of such scenes.] So I took to the streets and never went home. I should soon have been in Blackwell's Island or at Sing Sing, if the Children's Aid people hadn't found me and sent me West. I remember I went out in a party of thirty, and I was the last one taken by the farmers when they chose us. My employer—this was in Indiana—was a large farmer and a good man. He put me right at school in the winter, and he gave me a calf and a pig; and I tell you boys, it's fun to sit before a big wood fire at night and roast your apples and hear the people talk, and know your calf is growing in the barn and will soon be a cow, which you can sell and make some money. I kept my stock and sold them, and turned over money in one way or another; and studied hard at school, and by and by I taught school myself in winter, and at last I had three hundred dollars saved. So I told my employer I wanted to go to Yale College and study for the ministry. He advised me against it, and so he would give me a farm of forty acres if I would stay. But I said no, and I went on, and I have worked my way through in one way and another. Sometimes I rang the bell, sometimes I did jobs; this summer I saw wood for eleven hours a day and earned something. Now I am studying for the ministry in this city.

Now, boys, my advice to you is not to be content with being on the street, always. Try to do something else than being beatbacks and newsboys, and see if you can't make men of yourselves.

A storm of applause followed, and various sharp little rovers appeared at the office in Fourth street next day to "go west."

Prometheus and Alcibiades.

The two foremost characters in the combat now being waged in the City Court of Brooklyn are thus etched by the "Graphic process":

To the intelligent and reliable citizen blessed with that impartial judgment of mind claimed for themselves by just in the case, there is a grandeur about this scene absolutely terrific. To those convinced of the truth of the charge brought against the famous defendant, the latter must appear the most illustrious and eminent man of the century. To those unswervingly pursued of the innocence of the defendant the scene is less grand.

With them this "old me eloquent," this heaven-reaching Prometheus, who has for nearly years brought down thence the divine light and heat for the nourishment of the people—he is simple, as he sits there, in the courtroom, passing through the thin trials of a valley of shadows devilleth, thro' which alone can the sun reach the highest bliss.

As the court-room gradually fills there come thronging memories of these grand combats. Absolutely this Prometheus temporarily bound by the links of that "land Semiramis" of our day, the law, stands yet the foremost man of the foremost nation of the world. His life passes immobile. Colossus, the Western colossus, first appears in the queer temporary tabernacle on the Heights, with floods of tears ever coursing down his cheeks as he pleads with those who must believe or die; Kossoff seems; Kansas and Sharp's rifles; war eloquence; defense of America in England; women's rights eloquence; Richardson funeral; and then the slow setting cloud.

On other hand, this accuser in the battle of the giants—greatest in its possible issue—has come alone. He wears and grace of mind and body. The panorama in his case is brief. A early-headed boy in roundabouts already drawing attention in Plymouth church; a smart reporter with a haughty curl indicative of consciousness of ability upon his lips; then the eloquent anti-slavery orator, lyceum lecturer, poet, and able editor, with his Sir Marmaduke glory upon him.

"Smothered Venus" is a California dish: in spite of its name, it is only beefsteak and onions.

The thermometer was 40 degrees below zero at Fort Laramie, Neb., Monday.

Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune, has been arrested at the instance of ex-Governor Shepherd in Washington on civil and criminal processes for libel.

General Notes.

A curious coincidence happened on the other day. Mr. Adam Boyd and ex-Senator Lydecker, of Bergen county, were sauntering through the State House, when the Adjutant-General called them into his office and showed them an old document which he had discovered a few days before in the cellar of the Capitol. It was a certificate of the election of Adam Boyd (grandfather of the present lobbyist) to an important office, in 1778, and was tested by Garrett Lydecker, grandfather of ex-Senator Cornelius Lydecker. It was a curious coincidence that thus brought before these two cronies of the present day a paper showing that their respective grandfathers were as intimate a century ago as the grandsons of this day.

The Paterson Press makes mention of the addition of another new enterprise to the industries of Passaic. Mr. Van Deusen, a whip manufacturer in New England, is about to remove his entire establishment there, and began yesterday to cart the stone and brick for his new factory. The structure is to be 42x109, of brick four stories high, the three upper stories being 42x53feet; besides engine-house, boiler house, etc. There has been considerable rivalry among the real estate men to secure the location of the mill, but Mr. O. Vanderhooven, who has the agency for the sale of Judge Simonsen's land, secured the prize, and the factory is going up on the Judge's property.

The New Brunswick Freeman says: This style of sleigh-riding is quite often enjoyed these moonlight nights, and it is about the pleasantest way after all to go sleighing. Large box sleighs are procured. These are half filled with straw, down in which the girls and their beau sit, covered with buffalo robes and blankets, and bundled close together. Plainfield Somerville, Washington S. R., Dayton and other places within two hours ride are visited nightly in this manner by merry sleighing parties. Warm suppers ordered in advance are ready for them when they arrive at the hotels, and after a few hours spent in dancing and other social amusements, they start for home.

The Dover Mail says: The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. George Baird, of Green Village, occurred a few days since. During the evening the singular fact was observed, and acknowledged by the aged couple that they had never kissed each other during their married life—not, not even in the old, sweet days of courtship, did they pledge their troth with this usual and inevitable lover's seal. What was that young man about? couldn't he aquire fame in some less self-denying way.

The intuition of the Treasury girl serves well in the counterfeit business; and General Spinner, who had twelve years' experience in the works, says they are worth ten times as much as the men for such business. "A man always has a reason for a counterfeit," says the General, "but he is wrong half the time. A woman never has a reason. She says 'its counterfeit because it is counterfeit, and she's always right—although she couldn't tell how she found it out if she were to be hung for it."

On Tuesday the map of the Timber Brook Railroad Company, a corporation organized under the General Railroad Law, was filed in the office of the Secretary of State. The new road runs from the Rockaway river, in Jefferson township, Morris county, at the junction of the Morris and Essex Railroad and Chester Railroad, to the Timber Brook mine in Rockaway township connecting with the Green Point Railroad.

The Senate Committee on Territories will report favorable on the project of forming a new Territory out of the northern half of Dakota. It will be called Pempekin. The new Territory will contain 71,200 square miles. The capital will be Bismarck, a little town at the present western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The State Editorial Association met in Trenton on Monday, and elected Col. Morris R. Hamilton as President for the ensuing year. Hon. J. F. Babcock was re-elected Secretary, as was also Treasurer James S. Yard.

A citizen of Metuchen some nights ago set an example which is worthy of imitation. A couple of tramps stopped his carriage, whereupon he serenely stepped out and gave both a terrible horse whipping.

Mrs. Roslyn, a young woman even more beautiful and more given to wards and jewelry than Mrs. Scott Sudds or Adelaide Neilson, has arrived from England to star it on the American stage.

Miss Cushman was at Elizabeth on Wednesday night and read for two hours, for which she received the modest little sum of \$40, or about \$4 every minute including the intervals, and even this is less than she usually gets.

The annual receipts of the post-office New Brunswick are \$13,500, and the expense \$6,500, leaving a profit of from \$7,000 to \$8,000 a year.

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